Classic Tales

Beauty & The Beast



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By: Kareem Metwali

New Horizon

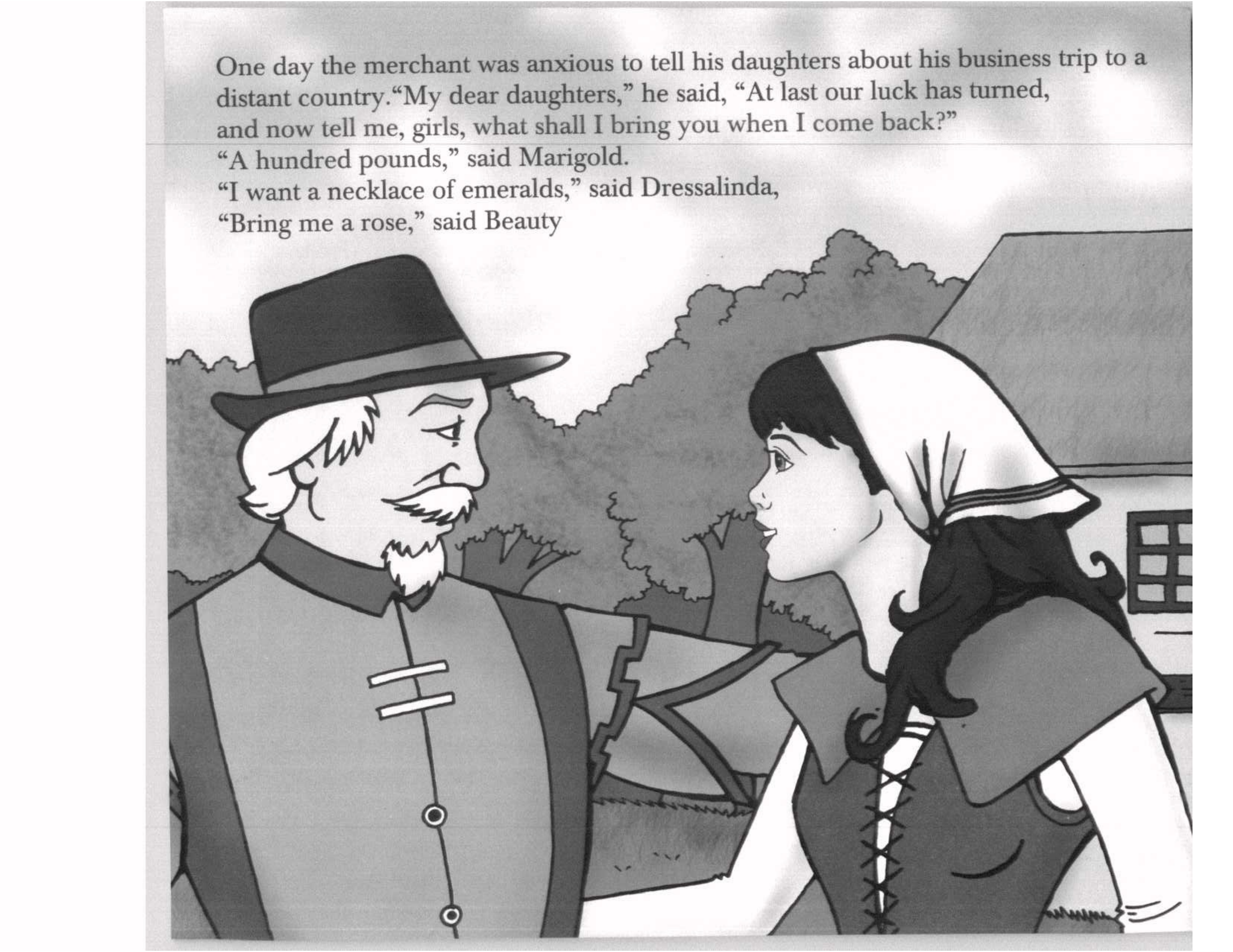
Once upon a time there was a rich merchant, who had three daughters. The two eldest were called Marigold and Dressalinda. Never a day passed but these two went out to some feast or junketing, but Beauty, the youngest, loved to stay at home and keep her old father's company.

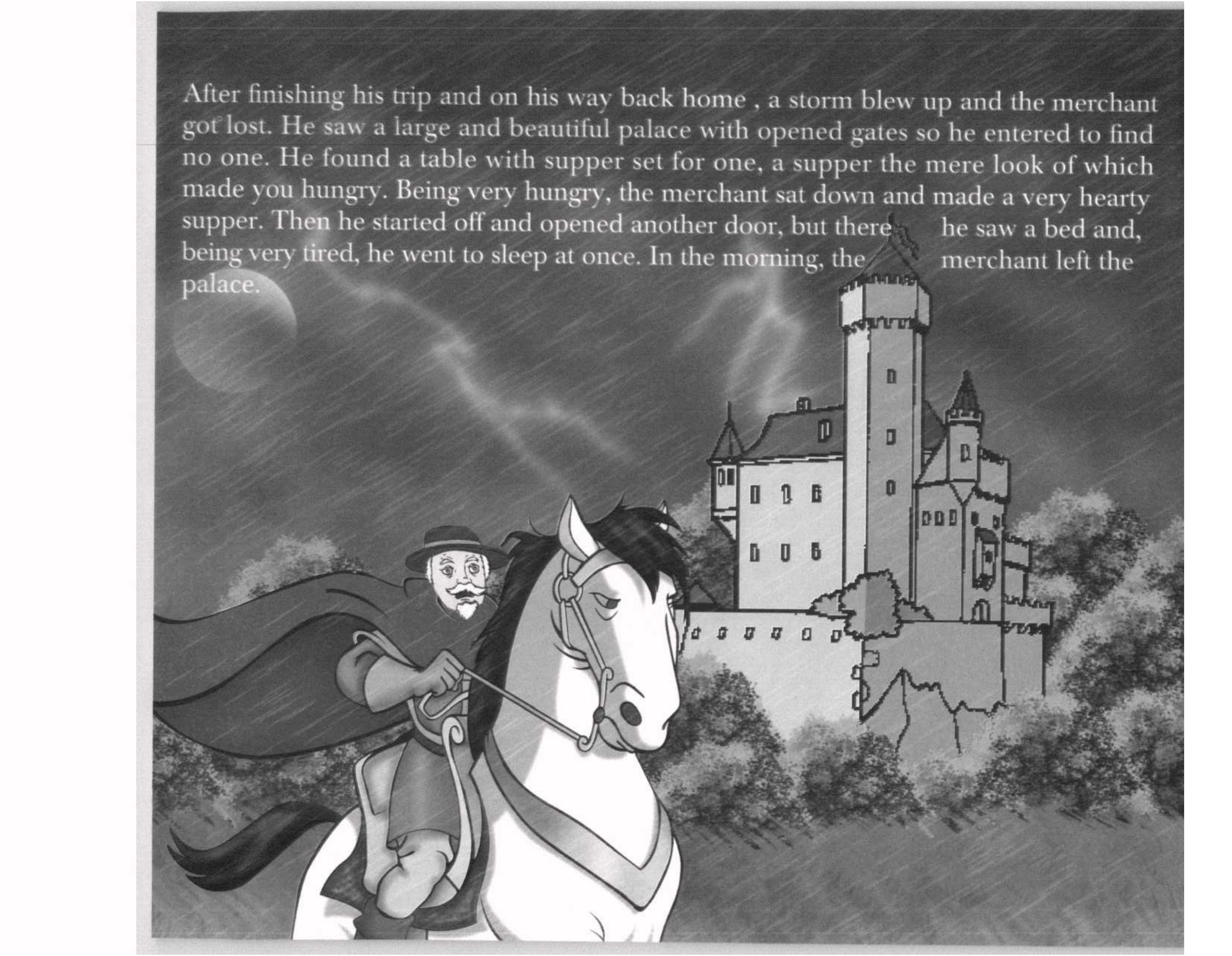
One day the merchant was anxious to tell his daughters about his business trip to a distant country. "My dear daughters," he said, "At last our luck has turned, and now tell me, girls, what shall I bring you when I come back?"

"A hundred pounds," said Marigold.

"I want a necklace of emeralds," said Dressalinda,

"Bring me a rose," said Beauty



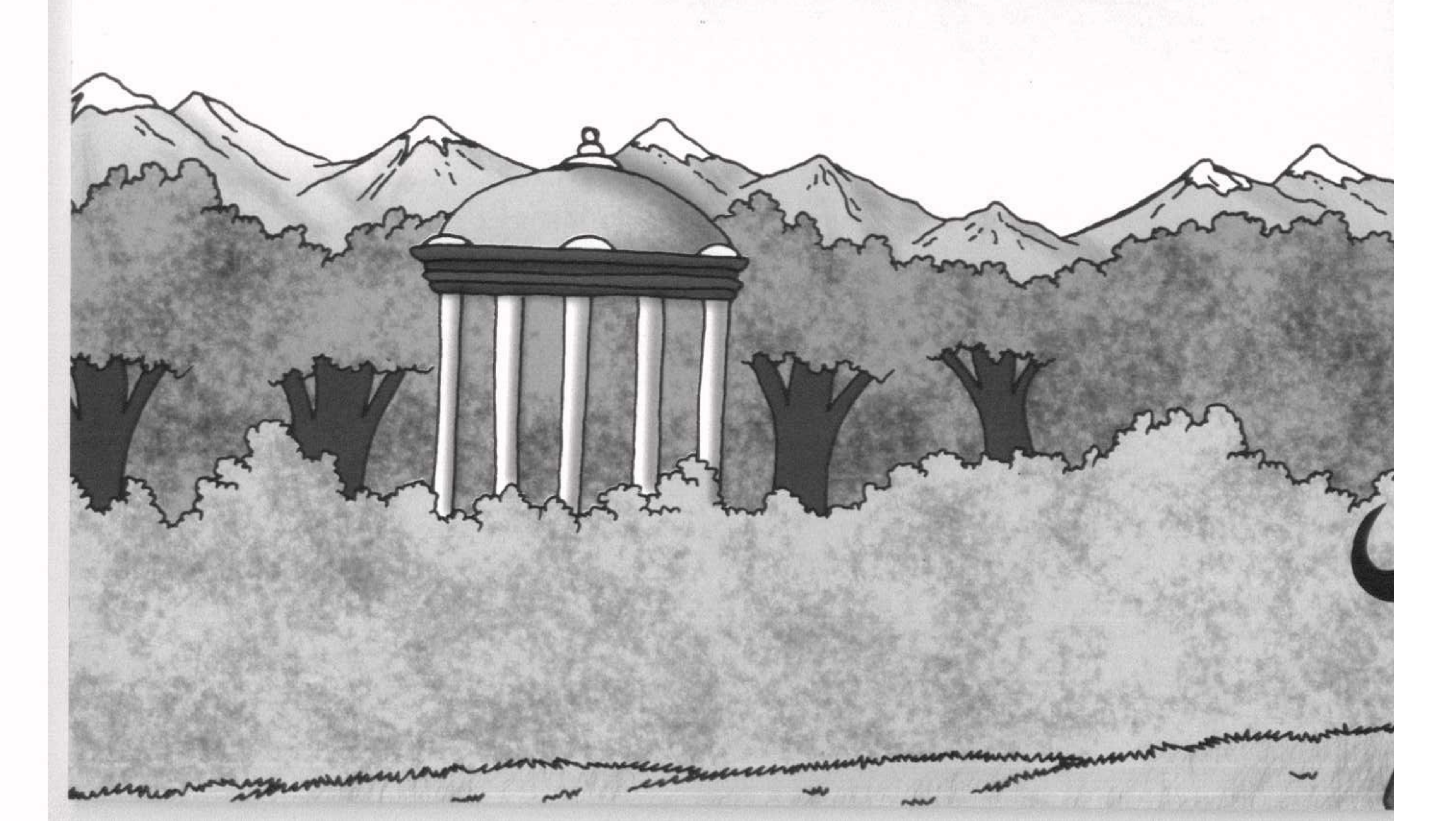


After finishing his trip and on his way back home , a storm blew up and the merchant got lost. He saw a large and beautiful palace with opened gates so he entered to find no one. He found a table with supper set for one, a supper the mere look of which made you hungry. Being very hungry, the merchant sat down and made a very hearty supper. Then he started off and opened another door, but there he saw a bed and, being very tired, he went to sleep at once. In the morning, the merchant left the palace.

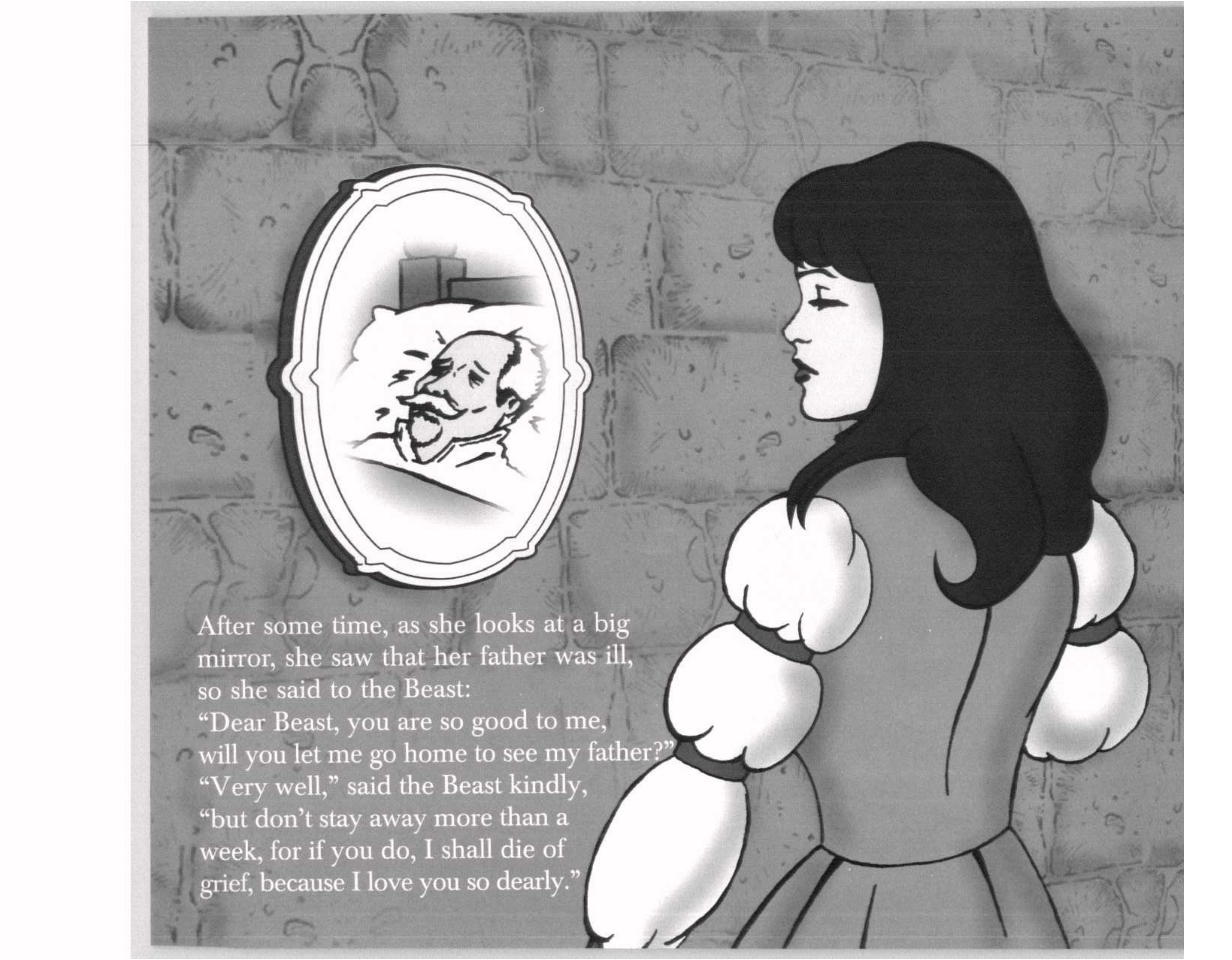
When he came to the garden, he saw that it was full of beautiful roses, and remembered Beauty's wish. So he stretched out his hand and plucked the biggest red rose within his reach. Suddenly, he started back in terror, for he heard an angry roar from a very dreadful Beast who was the owner of the palace .The Beast sprang upon him and he asked the merchant to bring Beauty to live in his palace in order not to kill him.



The merchant went home and told his daughters the whole story .The father tried hard to persuade Beauty not to go, but she had made up her mind to set out for the Beast's palace and her father went with her. To her father's astonishment, the Beast was so kind with her. Beauty, left alone, tried not to feel frightened. She ran here and there through the palace, and found it more beautiful than anything she had ever imagined.





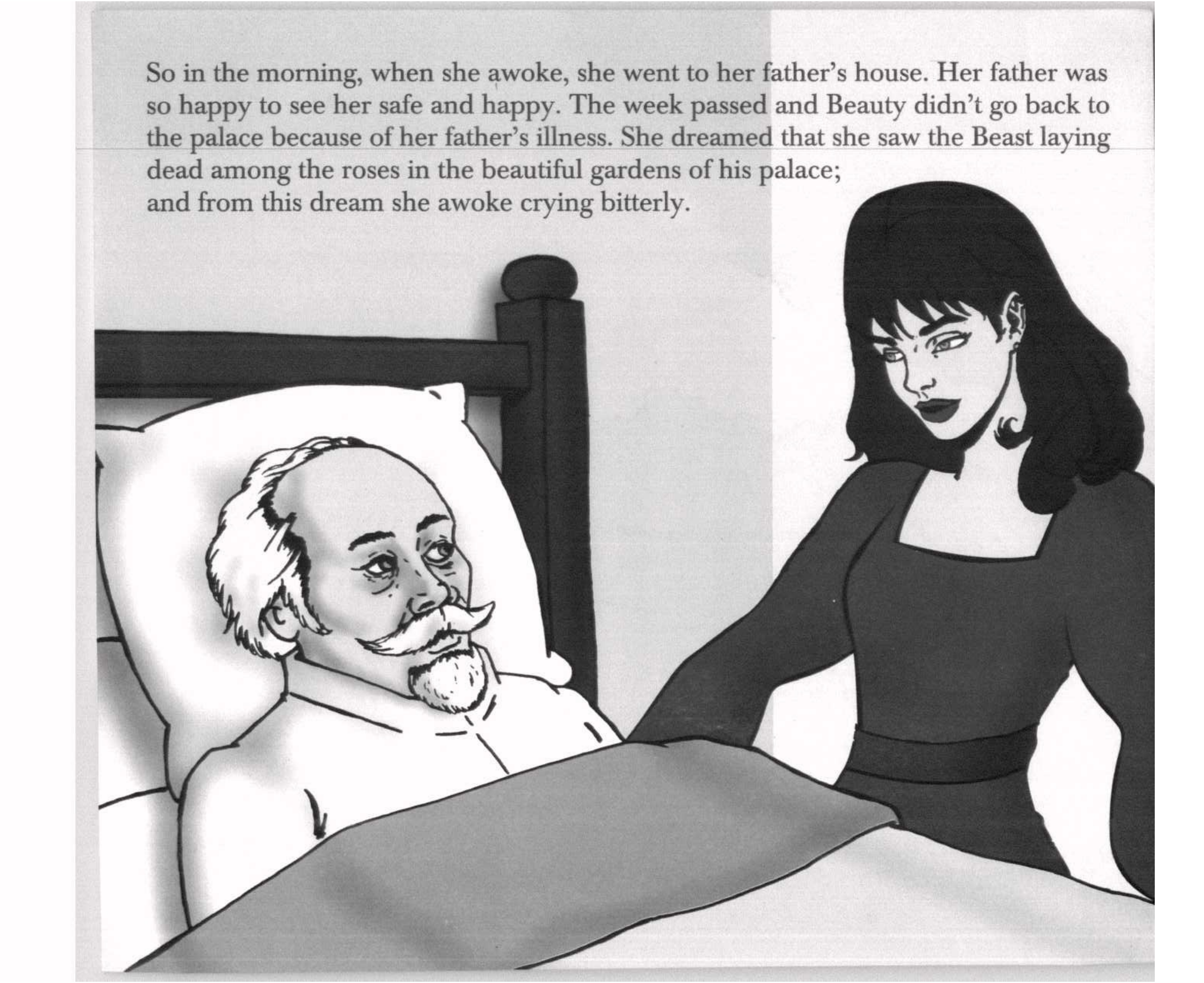


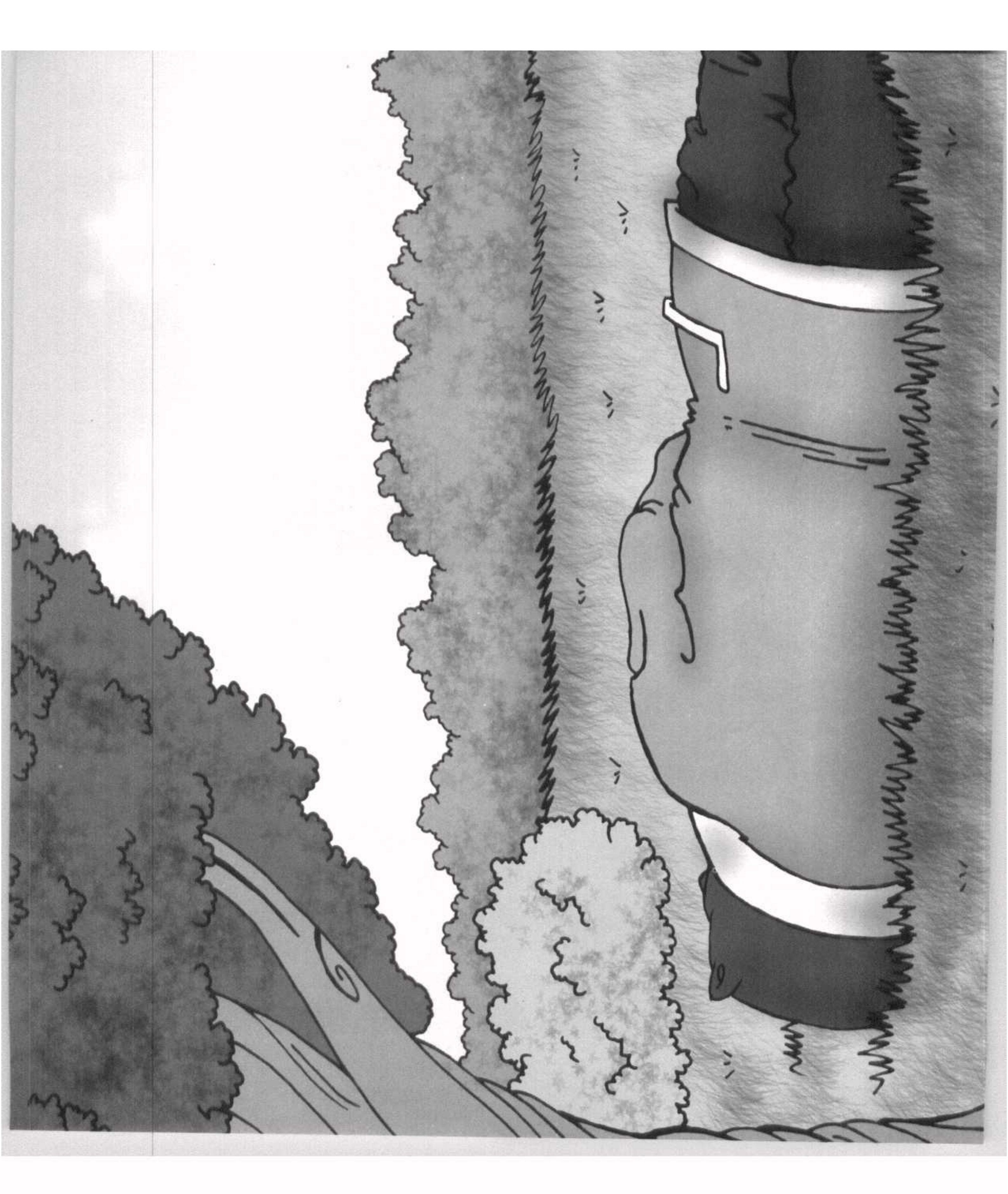
After some time, as she looks at a big mirror, she saw that her father was ill, so she said to the Beast:

"Dear Beast, you are so good to me, will you let me go home to see my father?"

"Very well," said the Beast kindly, "but don't stay away more than a week, for if you do, I shall die of grief, because I love you so dearly."

So in the morning, when she awoke, she went to her father's house. Her father was so happy to see her safe and happy. The week passed and Beauty didn't go back to the palace because of her father's illness. She dreamed that she saw the Beast laying dead among the roses in the beautiful gardens of his palace;
and from this dream she awoke crying bitterly.





Yet after that dream, she at once returned to the palace to find the poor Beast laying without any sign of life in him. “Oh, dear Beast,” she cried, “Are you really dead? Alas! Alas! Then I, too, will die, for I cannot live without you.” “Beauty, will you marry me?” The Beast Said, hardly. “Yes, yes, dear Beast, for I love you dearly.”

At these words the rough fur dropped to the ground, and in place of the Beast stood a handsome prince.



Beauty was surprised but the prince told her that a wicked fairy turned him into a beast, and condemned him to remain one until some fair and good maiden should love him well enough to marry him. Beauty happily got married to her prince and they lived happily ever after

